

Will I file off, you shall have garments, and  
Perfumes to kill the sinell o'th prison, after  
When you shall stretch your selfe, and say but *Arcite*  
I am in plight, there shall be at your choyce  
Both Sword, and Armour.

*Pal.* Oh you heavens, dares any  
So noble beare a guilty busines! none  
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*  
In this kinde is so bold.

*Arc.* Sweete *Palamon*.

*Pal.* I doe embrace you, and your offer, for  
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your person  
Without hipocrisy I may not wish

*Winde hornes of Cornets.*

More then my Swords edge ont.

*Arc.* You heare the Hornes;  
Enter your Musicke least this match between's  
Be crost, er met, give me your hand, farewell.  
He bring you every needfull thing: I pray you  
Take comfort and be strong.

*Pal.* Pray hold your promise;  
And doe the deede with a bent brow, most creaine  
You love me not, be rough with me, and powre  
This oile out of your language; by this ayre  
I could for each word, give a Cuffe: my stomach  
not reconcild by reason,

*Arc.* Plainely spoken,  
Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur

*Winde hornes.*

My horse, I chide him nor; content, and anger  
In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call  
The scatterd to the Banket; you must guesse  
I have an office there.

*Pal.* Sir your attendance  
Cannot please heaven, and I know your office  
Vnjustly is atcheev'd.

*Arc.* If a good title,  
I am perswaded this question sicke between's,

By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a Suitour,  
That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea,  
And talke of it no more.

*Pal.* But this one word:

You are going now to gaze upon my Mistris,  
For note you, mine she is.

*Arc.* Nay then.

*Pal.* Nay pray you,  
You talke of feeding me to breed me strength  
You are going now to looke upon a Sun  
That strengthens what it looks on, there  
You have a vantage ore me, but enjoy't till  
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Scæna 2. Enter Iaylors daughter alone.*

*Daugh.* He has mistooke; the Beake I meant, is gone  
After his fancy, 'Tis now welnigh morning,  
No matter, would it were perpetuall night,  
And darkenes Lord o'th world, Harke tis a wolfe:  
In me hath greife slaine feare, and but for one thing  
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.  
I wreake not if the wolves would jaw me, so  
He had this File; what if I hallowd for him?  
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd; what then?  
If he not answerd, I should call a wolfe,  
And doe him but that service. I have heard  
Strange howles this live-long night, why may't not be  
They have made prey of him? he has no weapons,  
He cannot run, the lengling of his Gives  
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them  
A fence to know a man unarmed, and can  
Smell where resistance is. He set it downe  
He's torne to peeces, they howld many together  
And then they feed on him: So much for that,  
Be bold to ring the Bell; how stand I then?  
All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye,  
My Father's to be hang'd for his escape,  
My selfe to beg, if I prizd life so much  
As to deny my aet, but that I would not,

Should